

THE

QUILL

MAGAZINE FOR WRITERS, EDITORS, AND PUBLISHERS



25 Cents

DATELINE FROM THE FRONT

Specialized types set his story on the old beach where he wrote, always
and even behind the British lines in the African battle zone.

NOVEMBER 1942

THE QUILL

A MAGAZINE FOR WRITERS, EDITORS AND PUBLISHERS

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AT DEADLINE

By R. L. P.

NOTHING pleases an editor more than to have letters commending this or that article which he selected for and included in an issue. Nothing, that is, unless it might be the request of another editor or writer to reprint in full or in part a certain article or to quote from it in a book. So we feel a pardonable pride in having presented material in recent issues of THE QUILL which has drawn such widespread approval as that contained in the September issue.

C. M. Ripley's excellent article on writing, "Don't Use Big Words If Little Ones Will Do," brought glowing words of commendation from George Hoedinghaus, of the Los Angeles Chapter of the American Institute of Banking, and a request for permission to reprint the article in the *Los Angeles Banker*.

"Your story 'Don't Use Big Words If Little Ones Will Do,' by C. M. Ripley," he wrote, "is one of the most refreshing things I have read in a long time. Will you give me permission to reprint the article in the forthcoming issue of our publication, the *Los Angeles Banker*?"

OUT at the University of Oklahoma, William H. Butterfield, of the Department of Business Communication, College of Business Administration, was putting the finishing touches on a book when the September QUILL arrived with Mr. Ripley's article. (Mr. Ripley, as you probably will recall, is with the publicity department of the General Electric Corp., Schenectady, N. Y.) He asked permission to quote from the article for a last-minute addition to the book.

Daniel G. Redmond, editor of the excellent monthly, *National Digest*, was well pleased with Corp. Donald E. Cooke's "Facts for Fighters," the story of Yank, the Army Newspaper, which also appeared in the September issue, and will reprint it in an early issue.

Mr. Redmond reprinted James Turner's "Renaissance of the News-Letter," which appeared in the July issue of THE QUILL, in the October issue of *National Digest*.

TWO additional articles in the September issue of THE QUILL rang the bell with J. L. Frazier, editor of the *Inland Printer*.

"Alvin Steinkopf's article on 'Getting News Out of Germany,' he wrote, "was particularly interesting and revealing. I also enjoyed Wilfred Lingren's article about the Owatoma weekly picture newspaper. ('Weekly Picture Paper Thrives in Small Town.') Do I have your permission to reprint this article, somewhat abridged?"

[Concluded on page 18]

If It Has to Do With the Health of Some Individual— Print That Picture At Your Peril!

By NORRIS G. DAVIS

WHEN is a defense not a defense against a charge of invasion of privacy?

Newspapermen—at least those who work on the editorial staffs of newspapers and news magazines—have not had to worry a great deal in the past about invasion of privacy. In almost all cases of real news they could plead a defense of public interest and have that defense accepted in the courts.

But a case recently settled in Missouri may be one of the most important steps in a development of a limit of that defense. At least the implications of that case, added to the indication of a similar tendency in earlier cases, should be studied by every newsman who handles pictures.

THE case was that of Dorothy Barber vs. *Time*. (News story on decision in *Editor and Publisher* of March 7, 1942.) *Time* magazine in its section "Medicine," had published a picture and article about Mrs. Barber.

The article was headed by an unfortunate, to say the least, title of "Starving Glutton." The story, continuing in somewhat the same smart tone, told that Mrs. Barber had entered the hospital for treatment for an insatiable appetite.

In the middle of the second paragraph was printed the picture, showing Mrs. Barber in bed in a long-sleeved hospital gown with her arms behind her head. The picture itself was not immodest or embarrassing. Cutlines read, "Insatiable-Eater Barber" and "She eats for ten."

The story went on to explain that the doctor thought that Mrs. Barber's pancreas might be functioning abnormally,

that it might be burning up too much sugar in her blood and somehow causing an excessive flow of digestive juices, which sharpened her appetite.

Local newspapermen took the picture of Mrs. Barber, against her will as she declared in court, and the picture and story were picked up by the syndicates and published by a number of publications. *Time* bought the picture from a syndicate, used the *UP* story, and wired a local correspondent for more details which were included in the story used. Mrs. Barber brought suit against *Time*.

THE right of privacy as a safeguard against the unauthorized use of a person's picture in an advertisement had been recognized earlier in Missouri, but *Time* pleaded that the use it had made of the picture was not an advertising use, nor even a commercial or trade use, but a news use and as such not actionable by Mrs. Barber.

In the appellant's reply brief, presented when the case went before the Supreme Court of Missouri, the defense's argument was set forth, in part, as follows:

Appellant also feels it necessary to correct several misstatements of the law contained in respondent's brief.

First, it is submitted that respondent's arguments that the facts of the instant case are not within the news exception to the right of privacy are completely specious. Respondent apparently takes the position that because appellant's magazine was published and sold for profit, there was a



Norris G. Davis

Voices warning to newsmen handling photographs.

so-called commercial use, rather than a news use, of her picture. A moment's reflection, however, will show that if such fact constituted a commercial use, then no newspaper or magazine could ever claim the benefit of the news exception. And here it should be noted that respondent herself admits, as she is forced to do by the cases, that a news report will not give rise to an action for the invasion of privacy.

Of course what is meant by a commercial use in this class of cases is a publication in the advertising columns of a newspaper or magazine as opposed to a publication in the editorial columns such as is found in the instant case.

Again, respondent asserts that the right of privacy doctrine has been extended to situations such as would include the case at bar. Respondent, however, has not cited one case in which a news report such as is involved in the instant case has been held to give rise to a right of privacy action unless accompanied by indecent exposure which is completely absent here.

Indeed, other than cases involving an advertising use, such as *Munden vs. Harris*, 153 Mo. App. 652, and cases involving something indecent or repulsive, such as a picture of a naked, deformed corpse, or an X-ray picture of the pelvic region, respondent has cited only a few cases, all of which are clearly distinguishable on the ground that they did not even purport to be news stories or reports of current events.

LIKEWISE, it was pleaded by *Time* from the first that the case should have been dismissed by the court instead of

THIS article, treating as it does of a new phase of invasion of privacy, is of concern to every newspaper and newspaperman, particularly to those dealing with photographs.

It grew out of research undertaken by Norris G. Davis in connection with his work towards a Ph.D. degree at the University of Wisconsin, where he also is serving as an assistant in journalism.

A native of Texas, Mr. Davis received his B.J. and M.J. degrees from the University of Texas; spent several years on the *Corpus Christi (Texas) Caller-Times* as desk man and later assistant city editor and telegraph editor, then taught journalism a year at Texas A. & M. College before going to the University of Wisconsin.

letting a jury decide whether it was within the news exception. The brief stated:

Finally, it is submitted, there is no merit in respondent's contention that since the jury found adversely to appellant upon the question of whether Mrs. Barber's illness was a newsworthy event, appellant is thereby deprived of the benefit of the news exception. It is firmly established by the cases cited in both appellant's and respondent's briefs, however, that whether a publication is within the news exception is a question of law to be decided by the court.

Nevertheless, the decision went against *Time*, and the magazine was ordered to pay Mrs. Barber \$1,500. The high court did, however, refuse an additional \$1,500 in punitive damages which the lower court had assessed.

Laurance M. Hyde, who wrote the opinion of the Supreme Court, agreed that the court should decide whether the matter involved is or is not outside the scope of "proper" public interest; and then ruled that in this case there was enough evidence to warrant a jury trial.

His exact wording, especially the word "proper" is worth careful noting, because it points the way to a possible strong limitation on the freedom of the press. Mr. Hyde said:

If the court decides that the matter is outside the scope of proper public interest and that there is substantial evidence tending to show a serious, unreasonable, unwarranted and offensive interference with another's private affairs, then the case is one to be submitted to the jury. We think this is the rule to be deduced from the best considered authorities and hold that it is the rule to be followed in this state.

THE idea of a "proper" public interest has been suggested by writers for several years, but the general court practice has been to use the word "general" or simply "public interest." "Proper public interest" could be interpreted to mean quite a different thing, however. In this case it apparently meant that a picture of a woman in a hospital was not proper.

"Certainly," Mr. Hyde said, "if there is any right of privacy at all, it should include the right to obtain medical treatment at home or in a hospital for an individual personal condition (at least if it is not contagious or dangerous to others) without personal publicity."

The court further reasoned that while the story itself may have carried information of some public interest because unusual, the identity of the person (and hence the picture of that person) was not necessary to the presentation of that interesting material.

In denying the punitive damages the court pointed out that plaintiff must carry the burden of proof, and that Mrs. Barber had not proven that *Time* was aware she had not given her consent to publication of the picture.

BY itself, the Barber case might not mean so much. It might be hasty to say that there is growing up a judicial precedence for placing pictures of medical subjects outside the public interest exception. Other cases have pointed the same way, however.

One of these was the case of Mrs. Ina C. Banks, an Oklahoma woman, who brought several suits due to the publication of an X-ray picture showing her pelvic region and the hemostat which had been left inside her during an operation for appendicitis several years earlier. The cases were extremely complicated because the claims involved a large number of states with various local laws.

The publication of the picture came about after Mrs. Banks, who had consulted a number of doctors and been treated for an even larger number of diseases, went to a chiropractor who X-rayed her and discovered the hemostat. The chiropractors of the area felt that the picture would make good publicity for them and gave it, without Mrs. Bank's consent according to court testimony, to a Tulsa, Okla., newspaper, and to various other publications.

Finally it found its way into the national news services and was distributed by King Features Syndicate. *Time* and *Life* published the picture, but cases against them were dropped because of certain weaknesses of the cases in the particular states where filed.

The case against the New York *Evening Journal* was prosecuted, however, and the court made the same sort of decision that we have seen in the Barber case. It refused to rule that the picture came within the public interest exception, and decided instead that the whole question should go to trial before a jury. (See 30 Federal Supplement 352, 1940.)

A STILL earlier case, also in New York, has not been reported in the law books, but it involved the same type of decision.

It was a case brought against *Look* magazine several years ago. The plaintiff was a student in one of Dale Carnegie's classes. A picture had been taken of one of the classes and used for advertising purposes by Carnegie. It was published by *Look* in connection with a story on Dale Carnegie, so that the *Look* use was not for advertising purposes, although it was arguable as to whether it was a trade use.

Plaintiff in that case made a motion for summary judgment on the ground that, as a matter of law, *Look* was liable. The defendant opposed the motion for summary judgment, and the lower court judge held that there was a question of fact for the jury as to whether the publication of a picture showing Dale Carnegie's methods was of sufficient public interest to come within the exception. No appeal was taken and the case was never tried on the merits.

THUS censorship is not the only worry that has been added to the journalist's load. He must remember that a picture of a medical subject may very probably be considered by the court as at least doubtful.

He must remember that the judge may rule that the jury must decide whether public interest justifies the publication of the picture. And juries are unpredictable. The journalist must also remember the inclusion of that word "proper" public interest in the Missouri decision.

No longer can we be sure that a defense of "general public interest" will be sufficient—especially if the picture is of a medical subject.

Something More About Style

By JOHN F. DeVINE

JOSEPH LANDAU and Don Freeman have quite a bit in common, in that they're both right in some phases of this argument about style, and they're all wet in others.

Landau's contention that it doesn't matter "whether you spell a word one way in one column and a different way in another" is not a new one. I heard it two years on a copy desk, from a slot man who was forced to spend most of his days worrying about the time to take his medicine for liver trouble, glandular disturbances and other complications.

The plain fact was that he hated like hell to read carefully the copy of underpaid reporters (Hearst, in this case), so he rationalized that it didn't matter how words were spelled so long as the reader understood the meaning.

I'LL go along with Freeman, in discounting the brain power of Landau's copy readers who were "unable to think for themselves" when they weren't held to the rules of a style book. Of course, the

fact that he had that type of copyreader might have been due to the fact that his publisher was, in Freeman's words, "an egotistical and eccentric old booby."

That isn't unlikely. Still in college, Freeman doesn't realize that when he gets out into the newspaper world he will work for newspaper publishers who will forbid publication of names of people they don't like, simply because they don't like them.

IF my boss reads this, of course, I'm only kidding, but publishers are responsible for half the moronic style rules in newspapers today.

I once worked on a paper where the word "lover" absolutely could not be used.

The result was that a movie page story announcing the premiere of the John Barrymore movie, "Don Juan," began with the words:

"All the world loves a sweetheart."



Basil Brewer

There'll Always Be Room for Reporters

By BASIL BREWER

A decade or two later a great journalist-reporter, delving into the still-living scandal, revealed and reported the whole sordid mess, which struck at the very roots of the French army.

Tried himself and sentenced, he fled and kept up the fight. The Dreyfus case became a symbol of a depraved and betrayed army and a defenseless France.

J'accuse, patiently, pitilessly and pointedly toppled the power of the corrupt army regime, reformed and rebuilt the army, just in time to meet the shock of the assault of the First World War.

BUT for Emile Zola, reporter-journalist, France would have been defeated in the First World War.

The corrupt machine that crucified Dreyfus, could not have held the Kaiser until the Yankees arrived.

Emile Zola was the world's greatest "reporter-journalist." "*Je trouve*" must always precede *J'accuse*.

And in our own times and down to the Second World War, where were the reporter-journalists of France the past 10 years?

WHAT were they doing that they did not report, in vivid and true and startling colors, what was going on in Nazi Germany?

Where were they that they did not warn France as to her army, her planes, her tanks, her staff-weakness—in time?

In the 20 years following the First World War, conditions had arisen in French defense, not the same as in the day of Dreyfus, but having the same or worse implications.

But there was no Emile Zola.

Had there been, it is possible that France would today be free and fighting.

The implications for ourselves are obvious.

THE chore of the reporter-journalist in the United States today is the greatest in the country's history.

I do not think our newspapers are bad; I say sincerely I believe they are not only the best in the world, but they are better than ever in the country's history.

But the newspapers are not good enough, they must be better—more alert,

[Concluded on page 12]

THE root of journalism is reporting.

It always has been and always will be. The desk, the columnist, the commentator, the crusading editor, work with the material the reporter provides.

It is an exact and an exacting job.

The reporter must have Job's patience, the honesty which Diogenes sought, the nose of the hound. He must be tireless, faithful, clairvoyant. He must see the facts of the story and its color, but he must not color.

He must be sensitive to anything slightly unusual in the smooth working of the cosmic plan—such is, or may be, news.

A GROUP of foreign workmen, talking excitedly on an office elevator, proves to be a tip-off of a riot at a pipe line project.

The reporter sees the governor talking to a certain lawyer at a certain key moment. Clairvoyance says the governor is about to pardon a prominent criminal.

A certain place at a certain time OUGHT to produce a certain story, the reporter's "bones tell him so." He goes there and the story IS there waiting.

I said a true reporter must be clairvoyant and not color blind.

A great news organization labored for years with the idea ALL COLOR must be eliminated from news writing. It finally dawned on someone that it was not COLOR that must be eliminated but COLORING (the participle verb).

Try to eliminate the COLOR from the true story of the dedication of the tomb of the Unknown Soldier, from the gaiety of the Mardi Gras, or to eliminate the somber hues from the story of the death of the "Reuben James" in the waters of Iceland.

HOW serious and how great is the responsibility of the reporter!

In the late nineties, a young officer of the French army, Dreyfus, was accused of high crimes, by the army, tried, sentenced and banished.

THIS tribute to reporters and reporting is voiced by a man distinguished in his own right as a reporter—Basil Brewer, publisher of the New Bedford (Mass.) Standard-Times and Morning Mercury. He was the recipient, last November in New Orleans, of Sigma Delta Chi's Distinguished Service Award for general reporting, the award being based on a series of articles on national defense published in his own and nearly 100 other daily newspapers, and a series of 27 articles on Latin American relations, also widely published.

In accepting the award at that time, Mr. Brewer said in part: "To be a good reporter is to me the greatest distinction in journalism. Sigma Delta Chi, an organization of working newspapermen, has, it seems to me, done more for the development of good reporting and good reporters than any other organization in the world."

Mr. Brewer entered the newspaper field as want-ad manager in Oklahoma City at \$12 a week. He joined the Scripps-Howard organization in 1908, remaining until 1921. During that period he was business manager of the Cincinnati Post (1916-19); business manager of the Cleveland Press (1919-21). He became editor and publisher of the Omaha (Neb.) Morning and Evening Bee in 1921, remaining there until 1924 when he became editor, publisher and owner of the Lansing (Mich.) Capital News. In March, 1931, he went to New Bedford as publisher and manager of the Standard-Mercury and Sunday Standard. After the consolidation of those papers with the Times, in 1932, he continued as publisher and manager of the three papers, purchasing control in 1933.

Story-Behind-the-Story of Foiling the Japanese Attempt to

IN FEBRUARY, the same month THE QUILL published my account of "News-papering in the Theater of Operations," I published in the Grants Pass Daily Courier an article quoting governors, foresters and military men on the acute danger of wartime attack upon the forests of the Pacific Coast.

War seemed very far away, although three score local men had been captured on Wake, and a like number were resisting heroically at Midway.

Little did I expect that seven months later the first enemy bomb ever to fall on the continental United States would drop 40 airline miles from my home. Nor that the years of good will and cooperation which our staff had maintained with the headquarters of the Siskiyou National Forest Service would open the door to us for a scoop on pictures and story.

Furthermore, I had no prescience that the very method of attack would be predicted in my forest fire warning story—a naval airplane launched from a Jap submarine. Nor did I dream that the Courier's five-day scoop on the story and exclusive pictures of the bomb fragments would come from L. L. Colvill, assistant supervisor of the Siskiyou, who gave me the closest advice and cooperation on the original warning story.

QUILL readers may be interested in knowing just how the advent of war is handled by the daily newspaper closest to the scene.

THE start of the story was almost as furious as a Hollywood newspaper movie, with reporters dashing madly through newspaper offices while papers, chairs and editors scramble out of the way.

Dorcas Sheldon, 27-year-old brunet reporter for the Courier, burst breathlessly through the double front doors of our office and almost literally hauled me into the Courier's sound-proof radio room. She slammed the door and waved her hands, thereby dropping a nickel, her purse, a comb, and all her notes on the floor in her excited flurry.

When she didn't pause to pick up even the nickel, I knew something exciting HAD happened!

With a tremendous effort to get her breath, she blurted out: "WE'VE BEEN BOMBED!"

Then she told me how that old salesman's trick of wedging her foot in the door had given her the biggest story of the year—a story we could not yet use.

A telephoned note on her desk earlier that morning had told her to call at the Siskiyou National Forest Office and see H. C. Obye, supervisor. It developed later that Obye had been informed by L. L. Colvill, his assistant, that he was bringing news of major importance from the coast which could not be imparted by telephone.

Because we had respected confidences, checked back on important stories, and cooperated in every reasonable way,



—Photos by Grants Pass (Ore.) Daily Courier

Dorcas Sheldon, central figure in the accompanying article by Rex Tussing, is greeted by H. C. Obye, Supervisor of the Siskiyou National Forest, at the door of his office. It was there that Miss Sheldon got her scoop on the Jap bombing of the Oregon forest.

Obye wanted to give Dorcas the first break, whatever the news was, but he did not know just then its astounding nature.

Here was a time when good newspaper practice, day in and day out, brought results.

WHEN Dorcas arrived at the Forest Service Building, Obye's office was vacant, so she proceeded down the hall searching for him until she heard his voice in Colvill's room. She knocked.

There was a fluttering of papers and scraping of chair legs on the linoleum floor. Then a Forest Service employe appeared at the door. He immediately started to close it as soon as he saw who it was.

"You can't come in here," he said.

The employe started to close the door completely, but Miss Sheldon's foot blocked the way.

"Mr. Obye called me to come up," she

exclaimed, resisting a decided physical effort to push her out of the doorway.

The disturbance at the door aroused Obye's attention. "Who is it?" he asked.

"Oh, it's Miss Sheldon."

"What do you think?" Obye seemed to ask the others. "I think we can depend on her."

Then to the man at the door: "Let her come in."

THERE Colvill, Obye and others of his staff unfolded the amazing story which QUILL readers already know in part, how a Forest Service lookout, deep in the Siskiyou National Forest, had seen a naval type plane circle about Mount Emily. How six hours later a circle of smoke gave telltale evidence of a forest fire. How the fire had been controlled and how fragments of an incendiary bomb were found there. How the nose of the bomb had been dug from its crater to reveal that this was not a projectile dropped

Set Fire to Oregon Forest Reveals How Scribe's Fast Footwork Opened Door on Scoop!

By REX TUSSING

carelessly from one of our own patrol craft, but was indubitably of Japanese origin.

Sworn to secrecy, but later permitted to "use your own best judgment," a *Courier* photographer already accredited by the War Defense Command secured the exclusive pictures which were later distributed by many major photo services over the entire country.

These pictures were mailed to the *Associated Press* at Portland and to metropolitan newspapers with the advice that they be held ready for release if and when an important news event was announced by the military. The persons in the pictures were identified and the objects described in part, so that they would become obvious only if the Western Defense Command permitted publication of the bombing story.

THEN came anxious days of waiting.

Friday . . . The tip-off. Military intelligence at Portland would admit nothing.

Saturday . . . The Western Defense Command at San Francisco was "sitting tight."

Sunday . . . Only silence.

Monday . . . The case had been referred to Washington.

Apparently the story was not going to be released. The military had seemingly decided against letting the enemy know the origin of the fire had been discovered.

But the *Courier* did not ignore the event entirely in its columns.

Forest fire stories, greatly restricted as to size, damage, weather, etc., are still publishable news on the Pacific Coast. So a tiny squib appeared on page 2 relating that a forest fire had been controlled ten miles from Brookings, after burning over one-quarter of an acre. The fire, said the *Courier*, was classified as "man-caused—miscellaneous."

Surely one of the greatest understatements to be made concerning mainland war in the United States!

FINALLY at 6:30 Monday night, the War Defense Command suddenly released the story and approved publication of the pictures which the *Courier* had obtained so many days previously.

We had decided not to issue an extra, both because of the expense involved and because the radio was taking the edge off the surprise.

Next morning metropolitan extras reached Grants Pass with the pictures and with the story that we had supplied.

The *Courier* that afternoon explained just what had happened and with a background of last January's forest fire warning story, supplemented by the personal details which the forest officials related to us and to no one else, we carried what we believe to be the most complete account of the bombing published anywhere in the United States. There are some things that cannot be revealed yet. But on the other hand, the delay had afforded us the opportunity for a better story.



Rex Tussing

Mr. Tussing, former News Editor of the Grants Pass (Ore.) Daily *Courier*, tells in the accompanying article the story of a scoop that hit the headlines from coast to coast.

For instance, we could say that the Forest Service was lucky. The Japanese bomb fizzled in a fog-shrouded forest because an unseasonable mist had swept in during the night.

Almost any other day would have been worse. September is the black month for forest fires in Oregon. No one who has missed living in our western woods can realize just what such a fire means. Tiny sparks can blossom into a major conflagration.

The more inaccessible the region, the more likely it is to become uncontrolled before suppression crews can arrive.

THEREFORE, the Japs had selected one of the best spots in United States to
[Concluded on page 16]

LAST month The Quill brought you the story-behind-the-story account of the way in which Jack Vincent and his International News Service associates obtained an outstanding scoop on the fate of the Nazi saboteurs tried in Washington. This month another story-behind-the-story is presented, this one having to do with the Jap incendiary bombing of the Siskiyou National Forest in Oregon.

Neither Rex Tussing, then News Editor of the Grants Pass (Ore.) Daily *Courier*, who tells the story, nor Dorcas Sheldon, *Courier* reporter who is the central figure in the account, now occupy the posts they did at the time of the bombing. Mr. Tussing now is associated with the Federal Communications Commission in San Francisco; Miss Sheldon, having enlisted in the WAACS, is in training at Des Moines.

Mr. Tussing is a graduate of the University of Oregon; worked for INS in Portland; then fathered a community weekly before going to the *Courier*.



H. C. Obye, left, Supervisor of the Siskiyou National Forest, and L. L. Colvill, Assistant Supervisor, examine fragments of a Jap incendiary bomb that fell on the forest.



Gereon Zimmermann

Who treats of a weekly's handling of war news affecting its community.

ALL over our warring United States, thousands of Johnnies are getting their guns and are taking their places on victory lines throughout the world. And all over the states, small-town newspapers now have new guns to fire when they set out to cover the news front.

War has thundered into the small town with heavy impact. Where everyone knows everyone else, the news of a boy leaving for the front is news of jarring import. Small-town people grow up with their neighbors, and they are lifetime neighbors at that.

That's why the small-town editor now faces his toughest job. He now takes hold of news that is tied tightly to the entire community's heartstrings.

WAR is bringing the small-town newspaper closer to its readers. And it is making the newspaper editor's job violate every concept of 40 hours per week. Even where metropolitan dailies cut in (in Woodstock, Ill., it was the Chicago, Tribune, the Sun, the Rockford Register-Republican and the Elgin Courier-Journal) the local paper clings dearest.

And that's because names—those celery sticks of type—make news. And when a man goes to war, the premium doubles. Our readers couldn't get the names of their sons and friends from the Chicago papers. With its staff on the job, the local semi-weekly or weekly can give its readers this vital information fully. This means now is the time for small-town editors to weld the bonds with their readers into an even more solid seam.

But there's more to war than just soldiers. In the small town, everyone has part of the load in scores of departments. There's the civilian defense setup for one. And the Red Cross, the "V" food campaign, the ration boards (both rubber and sweet), the farm war effort (the AAA and Soil Conservation pushes), the vocational defense schools, bond buying, the personals on soldiers at home—you'll find

Weeklies Go to War!

By GEREON ZIMMERMANN

even more on looking. Whenever the news editor rushes to one war-news front, there's another fox hole to cover. And all this is news that strings home with umbilical import.

LET'S take a look at some figures for the moment. They're taken from four random issues of the Woodstock (Ill.) Journal, a semi-weekly.

In our eight-page tab sheet, there are about 352 news inches available. That's on a basis of a total column inches of 640 inches per issue, with about 45 per cent of this routed to advertising.

Now back to those four issues mentioned above, the final averages worked out showed that about 19 per cent of the total news space went to war news. *Local war news*. One out of every five columns!

It indicates that now is the time for every small-town editor to give his readers that small-town warmth and intimacy in news—and not in the chummy colloquy that has ruined so many small-town papers. When an editor gives one-fifth of every issue to The Story of all time and the part Their Boys are doing in it, he is giving them the staff of life back home.

He needn't worry about the metropolitan dailies. And if he gives the readers this solid stuff now, you can bet your last linotype machine at even odds his readers (and more) will be with him when normalcy returns.

HERE is a box score breakdown on the war news of a local nature that helped the Woodstock Journal earn better assets with the community while performing on its new wartime fronts.

(Total of 253 inches of local war news out of an available 1,408 inches over a four-issue period.)

News Source	Column Inches
Red Cross	23
Induction Stories	62
Relevant Draft News	8
Civilian Defense	14
Miscellaneous	26
Food for Victory, etc.	13
War Farm News	28
Local War Features (on all war subjects)	49
Rationing Boards	30

Total Inches 253

The above figures don't include the the story we ran on the third lottery of March 17. This story ran a full 30-column inches . . . 22 inches were just plain old names, and those celery sticks of type answered over 300 questions in the minds of many throughout the country.

We took down the first 2,750 serial numbers drawn (10,000 to 12,750), boiled 'em down, culled the local draft listings and gave the registrants local draft numbers. Of course, they weren't official. Official local numbers came through three weeks later.

But these future soldiers did get a zinc impression of their numerical line-up within their own boards. Here's one among the wilderness of instances where the small-town daily gave its readers news miles before the metropolitan daily coverage. And it's the type of coverage that adds to community service.

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NO community in the United States is too small to be unaffected by the ever-spreading world conflict. No newspaper in the country, no matter how small, by the same token is likewise unaffected by the war.

How the weekly paper may serve its community through its handling of war news is the subject of this article. No doubt the experiences cited and the space totals listed might be duplicated or surpassed in other towns—but the article may suggest to other editors how to improve war coverage in their communities.

Gereon Zimmermann, who discusses war news in the Woodstock (Ill.) Journal, is a former news editor of that paper. A Marquette University journalism graduate in 1941, and a member of the Marquette chapter of Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalistic fraternity, he joined the catalog advertising staff of Sears, Roebuck & Co., in Chicago, on graduation. He became news editor of the Woodstock Journal last January, serving until April. Pending expected induction into the Army, he is an employment inspector for defense industries in Milwaukee.

Journalism Prof Finds Formula for Maintaining Morale:



Prof. L. E. Donelson

Prof. Loren E. Donelson, of South Dakota State College, busy banging away on another "campus communique" which will go to S.D.S. Journalism grads in the armed services.

"MORALE-BUILDER—that's what many former South Dakota State College men, now in the Army, Navy or Marine Corps, are saying of Prof. Loren E. Donelson.

For back at State College, Donelson—the boys call him "Prof" or "Pinky"—sits at his well-worn typewriter banging out letters to a huge list of his former students.

He does his work in the evenings and Sundays after his regular chores as college editor, publicity director, professor of journalism and head of the college printing department are done. But the boys appreciate it, and they let him know through return mail.

And this is how Donelson carries out his private public relations project:

AFTER compiling a list of addresses of former printing and journalism students of the college now scattered throughout the nation and the world, Donelson began a "communique" system.

Once each week he takes time off and summarizes into a communique all the news of the school, the printing department and anything else in which the boys might be interested. This communique is mimeographed and mailed to every boy on the list.

Return letters from the boys enclose special information of themselves and others they know, which goes into the next communique. Every now and then Donelson sends an up-to-date address list to the fellows which they may use for inter-communication.

DONELSON wants his idea to spread, and from the verbal bouquets he's been getting from the recipients of his communiques, the boys in the service are all for it.

"I want to keep 'em together," is what

"Prof" Donelson has to say about his undertaking. He went on to explain that they had all known each other in college and somebody had to do something to maintain this friendship.

"They're scattered from 'hell-to-breakfast' now," he said; consequently, the campaign of communication.

Letters Donelson gets from the boys are filed after they are gleaned for news. Often "Prof" drops a personal line to some of the fellows in addition to the communiques.

But each letter and communique brings the same results. Donelson's mail contains many verbal "pats on the back." Here's what some of the boys have said in letters from various sections of the country:

FROM a sailor in Maine: "Say—that's some system you have to keep all the fellows in contact with each other. . ."

From a soldier in Washington: "Got communique 10 today. They are most welcome—and also the list of addresses."

Missouri: "Also let me say before I forget that we certainly do enjoy the communiques."

Indiana: ". . . will try to answer at least one of your communiques. It's getting so that I look forward to one every week."

New York: "This note is to let you know that I am one happy sailor boy whenever I receive one of your regular communiques."

Georgia: "Thanks, Prof, for the weekly communiques. They really hit the spot in supplying news from the home front and abroad."

Florida: "Sure have appreciated your letters—and the weekly 'mimeo sheets'—they are swell and are sure appreciated by all the fellows in the service. That's one of the things we are short of—news from the home front."

Louisiana: "I have been getting your

Communiques From the Campus!

By BOB KAROLEVITZ

special releases right along and enjoy them."

Maryland: "I can't restrain myself from hurling a bouquet at you any longer, and here it is before the press of events swerves me off the beam. You are doing a hell of a swell job on your private public relations assignment. I've got cake, candy, cookies, cigarettes from the best of them and frequently read the stuff official PRO's put out for the army, but your stuff tops it all. Do you think that up all by yourself? Every letter (and they come with astounding regularity) takes me right back to the days when we guys in ROTC still thought Hitler was a playboy, and I can see you pecking at your typewriter after the rest have gone home."

THAT summarizes pretty well just what a few of the fellows on Donelson's regular list have to say about his system, a system

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Bob Karolevitz

A sophomore at South Dakota State College, Bob Karolevitz is associate editor of the Jack Rabbit, college yearbook; writes sports publicity and operates a linotype—also finds time to write interesting articles such as this.



Robert Bellaire

Manager of the Tokyo bureau of United Press when the Japs struck, Mr. Bellaire was sent to concentration camp.

By **ROBERT BELLAIRE**

THE Japanese Army, after Pearl Harbor, attempted to place the responsibility for war between Japan and the United States on the American newspaper correspondents.

The police, also, were anxious to drum up big spy cases against American correspondents—admitting frankly to several of us that the resultant publicity would bring them rapid promotions.

While I was in the Tokyo concentration camp, Capt. Miyasaki, departmental chief of the Metropolitan police, told me: "I was in charge of the Jimmy Young (International News Service) case several years ago. I was promoted for my work. I expect another promotion when I get through with the rest of you Yankees."

He probably got his promotion, for Miyasaki's men did a thorough job—obtaining numerous convictions without any confessions or any substantial evidence against any of the Americans.

Miyasaki's reasoning was simple. As he frequently explained it to us, it was this:

"You must be spies. All our Japanese correspondents in the United States were spies for us."

That was evidence enough for him. The Americans were automatically guilty because the Japanese had been.

THE Japanese government and press have put the principal blame for the war on President Roosevelt, much as we have centered our hatred against Germany on the Austrian paperhanger. But the Japanese were in no position to "punish" our President, so they picked on his alleged spies—the American correspondents in Tokyo.

"I sometimes pity you newspapermen,"

American Correspondents Will Never Forget C

Nipponese M

Inspector Kikuchi, chief of our concentration camp, said one day. "The Japanese people demand that someone be punished for starting the war. So we must punish you."

Although the American newsmen were considered guilty from the outset, the Japanese police demanded confessions. And they demanded that we reveal "important information" which they believed we possessed. At the same time, they implied they would drop all charges and provide better treatment, if we would assist them in anti-American radio broadcasts beamed to the United States.

Because the American correspondents refused to comply with any of these Japanese demands, they got an excellent first person, eye-witness story of Japanese "third degree" methods.

THESE stories already have been widely publicized since our return to the United States. It is only necessary here to recall that aside from more than six months' imprisonment and grilling in unheated jails and concentration camps, on semi-starvation rations, the maltreatment included:

Rubber hose beatings, strangling, severe slapping, choking, and being forced to kneel as long as eight hours in Japanese style—until the legs were swollen, bruised and cut. Several correspondents probably never will walk without limping as a result of this treatment. Others are permanently scarred.

The mental torture was even worse. Some correspondents lived in virtual terror for days after being told they were to be beheaded or placed before a firing squad. Police threatened to turn some over to the hands of mobs in the streets. These threats could not be laughed off. We knew of other instances in which they undoubtedly had been carried out.

In the end, American correspondents were sentenced to a total of 9½ years' imprisonment not including the five years they actually served collectively from December, 1941, to mid-June, 1942. The 9½-year sentences were suspended when the agreement was reached between Japan and the United States for the exchange of nationals.

ONE important question the American press and people will face after this war with Japan is this: What status is the foreign correspondent to have in Japan when this war is over?

In recent history, including that of the present war, the foreign correspondent has been accorded "semi-diplomatic" protection in all civilized countries. He has not been recognized outright as a government representative—which he is not in the case of Americans. But he has been recognized as the "eyes and ears" of his people, just as a diplomat is the "eyes and ears" of his government.

Even the Germans and Italians, while providing no luxuries, at least recognized that foreign correspondents were in a

PREVIOUS articles in The Quill—by Clin Press, and Alvin J. Steinkopf, of the Associated Press, and pictures of the lot of American correspondents in their internment following the formal declaration of war by the United States and Germany.

This month, the scene shifts to the Pacific and their treacherous stab at Pearl Harbor, emblematic in war after many years of peaceful and ap

Robert Bellaire, manager of the United Press and Richard C. Wilson, Manila bureau manager, on Kong on Dec. 7, 1941, relate, sans horror, the men experienced at the hands of the Japs. They strain the sort of enemy America faces in the

special classification, entitling them to immunity from criminal charges as a result of their news coverage activities.

The basis of this type of treatment is both humanitarian and utilitarian. It is intended as a reciprocal form of treatment, benefiting representatives of governments and peoples on both sides. And it is a recognition of the fact that the foreign correspondent, like the diplomat, must inevitably remain at his post until the very end. For the veteran foreign correspondent there is no "getting out just in time" before a war starts. They must keep filing right up to the end.

THE Japanese, it is evident, have no conception of the humanitarian ideals. They regard reciprocity as an admission of weakness. They knew that Japanese correspondents in the United States were being given diplomatic immunity—that they were being protected from violence at one of the best resort hotels in America, eating good foods, enjoying swimming, golf, tennis, newspapers, magazines, radio. Still, it is doubtful if retaliation in the United States would have brought us any relief in Japan. Instead, even worse treatment probably would have been handed us as counter-retaliation.

The Japanese simply refused to recognize the fact that the American correspondents represented the American people. Even if they had been willing to recognize this, there is little likelihood they would have behaved differently. They think of Americans as a declining type of humanity—wallowing in luxury and unwilling to make the sacrifices necessary for their own united defense in these years of "total war."

Since the Japanese are of this national character—recognizing force, and force alone, as the only virtue worthy of their respect—foreign correspondents of the future in Japan can expect little better than the experiences we have had unless circumstances are altered after the war.

We were well treated and respected as long as the Japanese respected the strength and unity of

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THE QUILL for November, 1942

Target Cruelties Suffered at Hands of Japs During Nightmare!

—by Clinton B. (Pat) Conger, of the United Press—have presented clear-cut correspondents in Germany before and during formal declarations of war between the United

the Pacific area before and after the Japs made harbor, embroiling the United States and Japan in a full and apparently friendly relations.

United Press' Tokyo bureau when war came, bureau manager for the UP, who was in Hong Kong at the time of the horror, the story of what American newspapermen suffered at the hands of the Japs. Their reports emphasize by their recollections in the Far East.

By RICHARD C. WILSON

THERE is no glamor in being a war correspondent in the Far East's battle zones. And if a correspondent is unlucky enough to be captured by the Japs, he will find no solace in his press connections. I know, for that is what happened to me in Hong Kong last December.

I soon learned that the Japanese consider all newspaper correspondents either spies or potential spies and regard them with more suspicion than they do enemy soldiers or civilians. The basis for this rests in the fact that Japan's own newspapermen now are frankly admitted by Jap military officers to have served as peacetime spies.

In addition to the hazards of falling into Japanese hands or being struck by Jap shells while covering battle-front action, a correspondent assigned to the Far East is confronted with conditions of climate and terrain which require a strong constitution and an aptitude for life in the tropics. Living comforts are extremely meager in most of the areas where American war correspondents are now stationed. Malaria, dengue fever and dysentery are ever-present menaces. Tropical rains make the atmosphere uncomfortably humid and sticky most of the year.

During six years of covering the Far East for *United Press*, prior to last Dec. 7, I visited many of the current battle fronts and the areas which will become involved in the fighting when our American troops get their drive toward Tokyo rolling. And I know, as the men who are doing the job know, that the assignments to the Pacific war front are going to prove the toughest ever given newspapermen.

MY own participation in the coverage of the Pacific war was terminated abruptly and much earlier than I would have liked, in Hong Kong. I had arrived there from my Manila headquar-

ters to inspect our Hong Kong bureau and our communications arrangements.

The Japs struck with such suddenness that most of the veteran American correspondents in the Orient found themselves war prisoners in short order. We in Hong Kong and those in Japan itself had no opportunity for escape, and almost the same situation prevailed in Shanghai.

On the morning war began I was in a bus in Hong Kong, en route to Kaitka airport to board a Pan American Clipper for Manila. The bus came to an abrupt halt short of the airport. We were astounded to see a flight of Japanese bombing planes come roaring in and destroy the harbor installations and the Clipper on which we might have escaped. That was the beginning of seven months of imprisonment, privation and humiliation as a "guest" of the Japanese.

We were so close to the ringside of the fighting at Repulse Bay that I was captured, together with most of my companions, two days before Hong Kong capitulated.

AS a captive I was forced to walk ten miles over the rocky, mountainous trails of the island. Many of our group, women, children and older persons, suffered dreadfully during that forced march from thirst, exhaustion and the mental anguish of abusive Japanese treatment.

On several occasions we saw other prisoners at the side of the road where their Jap captors had shot them down. We were lined up and harangued several times by Jap officers, whom we could not understand, and on each occasion we feared the fate of the others we had seen crumpled beside the roads.

There is little need to repeat the previously told story of our imprisonment. It is sufficient to say we were crowded together like cattle, under unsanitary conditions, in unheated rooms in mid-winter, and were fed less than a subsistence ration of ice and stale and even rotted fish.

I personally was approached frequently with offers of better quarters, better treatment, good food and money to spend if I would agree to broadcast English language propaganda broadcasts over the Japanese radio. I know that many of my colleagues were approached with similar offers and some were threatened and beaten when they refused. I feel that it is to the everlasting credit of the American press corps in the Orient that not one man yielded to either bribery or violence.

THE trip home on the Gripsholm with other American internees wiped out any feeling of self-pity I may have felt because of my treatment and heightened my disgust with the men of Nippon who like to think of themselves as a master race.

En route home I met the men who had been interned in Shanghai and Japan and



Richard C. Wilson

In Hong Kong on fateful Dec. 7, 1941, Mr. Wilson was imprisoned by the Jap invaders.

realized that my lot had been comparatively easy.

Most of the correspondents captured in Shanghai had been thrown into Bridgehouse Prison—some for only a period of questioning, but others spent seven months in that vermin-infested old structure.

Unquestionably the worst treated of all American correspondents was J. B. Powell, long-time Shanghai resident who was bitterly hated by the Japs because of his fearless editorials in the *China Weekly Review*. Powell lost both feet from gangrene which set in after his feet were frozen in unheated Bridgehouse Prison.

I can never forget the sight of Powell being carried aboard the repatriation ship. His normal 160-pound frame was shriveled from starvation to less than 90 pounds. He resembled the cadaverous form of Mohandas Gandhi. None of us had seen him since he had been seized by the Japs; the pitiful sight of him shocked and depressed us.

I believe every one of the American correspondents silently resolved, the moment they saw J. B. Powell's withered but undaunted face, they would return to America to lend every possible aid to the war effort, if for no other reason than to be certain his merciless treatment was avenged.

JAP correspondents with whom we had covered assignments in the various Far Eastern cities before the war were of little aid to the interned and imprisoned American correspondents. A few of them made passive efforts to inquire into the welfare of the American colleagues, and in one or two isolated cases they sent small gifts of canned food or tobacco.

For the most part, however, they remained aloof, possibly fearing that any gesture on our behalf might put them on

the spot with the Jap military or the all-powerful Jap gendarmerie.

It was somewhat difficult, therefore, to feel a spirit of comradeship when we encountered Jap correspondents from America when the exchange of prisoners took place at Lourenco Marques. They were a chipper, well-fed group, well dressed and loaded down with baggage containing lavish farewell purchases in the United States. They were carrying their golf bags and tennis racquets, and we almost exploded when we learned they had enjoyed those sports as internees at White Sulphur Springs and other resorts where they were interned.

MOST of the American correspondents were returning home in ill-fitting borrowed clothes. In my own case, all my earthly possessions were in my home in Manila and had been seized by the Japs. The traveling bag I had taken to Hong Kong for a five-day business trip had been stolen by Jap gendarmes when I was taken prisoner on Dec. 23, leaving me to endure six months of internment in only the clothes I was wearing.

Jap correspondents from the U. S. were assigned to first-class cabins on the exchange ship Gripsholm. The Jap ship Asama Maru, on which we were taken from Japan and Hong Kong to Lourenco Marques for the exchange, had only a limited number of first- and second-class cabins, making it necessary for men to ride in steerage so that women and children might have the better accommodations.

Water for bathing was provided twice a week on the Asama Maru and water for drinking and shaving was turned on 30 minutes in the morning and 30 minutes at night. Long waiting lines formed outside the steerage washrooms, each man carrying the bottle in which he would obtain drinking water for the next 12 hours. Water and baths were available on the Gripsholm at all hours.

Although the bar on the Gripsholm was kept open, the Japs closed the bar on the Asama Maru and any liquor obtained had to be purchased surreptitiously from Jap stewards at prices equaling \$12.50 a bottle. The same situation existed regarding cigars.

WHILE Jap correspondents in America lolled in comfortable lodgings and with ample foods at famous spas, American correspondents held by the Japs existed in jails and barren buildings surrounded by barbed wire and surly armed guards.

It is difficult to prevent the milk of human kindness from curdling when you are confronted with contrasts of treatment that striking.

There can be little doubt that Jap hatred for American correspondents and their traditional persistence for getting at the truth has been heightened by the unmasking of Jap cruelties.

Should any of us who were released in the first exchange of prisoners with the

About the Authors

ROBERT BELLAIRE, a professional member of the University of Iowa chapter of Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalistic fraternity, was born in Le Mars, Iowa, in 1914. He worked his way through Columbia University as a freelance for the Baltimore Sun and Toronto Star. He worked in the advertising departments of the Sioux City Tribune and later the New York Herald Tribune before starting on a trip around the world in 1935. He interrupted his tour to join the UP staff in Shanghai. By 1938 he was bureau manager there. He became Tokyo bureau manager in 1941.

Richard C. Wilson, born in Waverly, Kan., began newspaper work on the Olathe (Kan.) Weekly Mirror while still in high school. He subsequently worked on the Kansas City Star, Kansas City Journal, Columbus (O.) Citizen and the Chicago Herald-Examiner before joining the UP at Kansas City in 1924. He headed several mid-west bureaus before going to Mexico in 1929 to cover the Escobar revolution. Subsequently, in 1932, he was assigned to the UP cable desk in San Francisco and was sent to Honolulu as bureau manager in 1934. Two years later, he was transferred to Manila, from which point he directed coverage of the Philippines, Netherlands East Indies, Straits Settlements, Malaya, Hong Kong and French Indo-China prior to the outbreak of the Pacific War. Much of this strategic news beat he covered in person prior to his internment.

United States again fall into their hands during this war, I shudder to contemplate the treatment we would receive!

Bellaire

[Concluded from page 10]

the people we represented. But when the Japanese believed that the American people were soft enough and disunited enough to be challenged, we were among the first to feel it . . . both before and after Pearl Harbor.

IF the foreign correspondent in Japan in the future values his personal well-being, and his freedom to do his work according to his own conscience, he will be an advocate of a "strong America" in time of peace as well as war.

Military defeat of Japan in this war will not put a final end to Tokyo's world-conquering ambitions. She is not going to be yanked out of the middle ages—mentally—by a single defeat.

Correspondents assigned to Japan will feel her pressure—and perhaps again her tortures—unless we have behind us a constantly alert and strongly armed America—kept that way by the influence of the American press.

FAILED of the people of our country to demand freedom of expression and the press throughout the world was one factor which plunged us into this war with so little warning. When we might have

done something about it, we were mute while the dictators raised walls of censorship and suppression. We were mute, even in peacetime, when American reporters abroad were imprisoned, threatened and deported.

American press representatives did the best they could under the circumstances. But their warnings often were passed off as "alarmist stories." Whether they can do better in the future must depend on the support they get from the American people they represent abroad.

It is my conviction that they will have that support.

Reporters

[Concluded from page 5]

more courageous, more farsighted, more dedicated to public service—no matter what it costs.

And reporters must be better, more inspired, more intelligently conscious of their responsibility and dedicated to the cause of country.

And this must apply to every mother's son on and in the paper.

For I believe profoundly that if newspapers fail today, the cause of liberty in the U. S. will fail, as it did in France.

Communiques

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which Donelson himself hopes others will take up and imitate for the good of the men in service.

Donelson himself was graduated from Iowa State College in 1928 with a bachelor of science degree in agricultural journalism. He was state editor of the Mason City (Iowa) *Globe-Gazette* for about two years, and then managing editor of the Ames (Iowa) *Milepost* for another year.

He went back to school at the same institution in '31 and came back out again with a master's degree in agricultural economics and agricultural journalism.

He left college in August, found no work to fit his degree, so he went into the fields and picked corn for a cent a bushel. (That was when corn was selling for nine cents.) In January, 1933, he helped the United Press cover the state legislature, and when the legislature had adjourned, no one said anything about his quitting so he continued work for a year and a half.

The Des Moines *Register* called him to work on their farm page, after which he went on a regular news beat. In 1936 he went to South Dakota State College.

ACCORDING TO—

"Just a quickie to tell you how much I enjoy reading *THE QUILL* from cover to cover every month. . . . *THE QUILL* is the only publication I see regularly that deals strictly with what is going on among writers and publishers."—G. ALBERT HILL, *Associated Press*, Newark, N. J.

THE QUILL for November, 1942

THE WRITE OF WAY

By William A. Rutledge III

Western Writing

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

THE sure-fire road to succeed in any of the creative professions is to go "western." Although the two-gun renegades and heroes of the ranches and mines have passed into American lore, people in the U. S. and the other English-speaking parts of the world never tire of lending their eyes and ears to recounts of the fabulous exploits of a mythical west.

Wherever Americanism finds expression, the "western" is prominent—the radio, slick paper magazines, pulp periodicals, books, movies.

Will James, who recently died here, earned a place for himself in the ranks of American authors to be remembered through his writing and drawings of the west. He did not have as much as a grammar school education. But his boyhood had been spent in a western county where his father had been sheriff. He caught the spirit of the west and was able to interpret it in terms of stories, articles, and drawings.

Fully a fourth of the normal output of 400 full-length features per year in Hollywood are "horse operas," just formula productions of the old western tradition. It is an axiom of the film industry that a western has never lost money.

ROGERS TERRILL, associate publisher of Popular Publications, one of the large-scale buyers of westerns, took his pen in hand to bare his innermost thoughts on western writing for the pulps.

His most prominent points, included:

1. Convincing and honest character motivation. Terrill lists this as the foremost obstacle to the beginning western writer. This writer usually wants to get his characters moving fast and spectacularly and neglects the establishment of sufficient motivation to propel this action. Plots may be bent and twisted to suit the author's pattern. Situations are forced and all too obviously manufactured. "Plot weaknesses and character inconsistencies mark the major differences between top-flight and run-of-the-mill stories."

2. Ill-advised experiments in authorship. Terrill testifies that he finds that after a writer has clicked with a story or two, he boldly undertakes to imitate both style and plot of a slick magazine western writer and the results are invariably "pretty terrible."

3. "Make the reader feel the emotional impact of your characters' problems" is the third Terrill establishes. This takes real build-up for situations and the incorporation of genuine dramatic values in a story.

Here's how easy it is:

"Without the slightest question of

doubt, any literate person who likes the West, enjoys reading western stories, who knows western terrain, and who enjoys writing can come up with salable western fiction."

THE pulp markets are numerous. Here are a few of the better paying markets to shoot at:

Popular Publications, where Mr. Terrill is in the saddle, issues a long list of varied western pulps. Shorts are particularly needed for *Fifteen Western Tales*. His address is 205 E. 42nd St., New York City.

All Western, 149 Madison Ave., New York City. Stories of the old West, strictly from the masculine standpoint, built on character and action. Occasional animal story.

Best Western, 330 W. 42nd St., New York City—Shorts up to 5,000 words, novelettes to 10,000, and novels up to 40,000. Strong writing and plotting. Suggestive girl interest okay.

Exciting Western, 10 E. 40th St., New York City—Distinctly and definitely the old-type western. Nothing modern whatsoever. *Popular Western*—ditto.

Texas Rangers, 10 E. 40th St., New York City—Fast moving westerns in the law-and-order theme.

Thrilling Ranch Stories, 10 E. 40th St., New York City—Buys several short stories up to 6,000 words for each issue, 15,000-word lead novelette, and a 10,000-word novelette. Romance will help here but keep the background western. This periodical depicts the west of today and all modern touches are welcome.

There are scores of other western pulps. Examine them on any large newsstand. Read them and study them for their slant and technique. Slant your stories towards the editor of the magazine you like the best. This editor is most likely to **LIKE** your stuff.

See you next month.

Market Tips

Paper and Paper Products, 41 Park Row, New York City—News and features on the paper and paper-converting industries. Also authoritative features on leading paper distributors. An old reliable periodical which is a standby of the paper industry. Pays 30 cents per column inch on publication.

Progressive Grocer, 161 6th Ave., New York City—Articles on grocery trade, illustrated idea articles, success how-to-do-it stories, etc. One to 2 cents per word on acceptance. Jokes with grocery slant \$1 each.

Syndicate Store Merchandiser, 79 Madison Ave., New York City—Articles and news on 5- and 10-cent store activities in merchandising and displays. Pays ½ to 1 cent on publication.

Packing and Shipping, 30 Church St., New York City—Articles slanted to large industrial shippers, railroads, and other transportation agencies on loading, hauling, distribution, loss, and damage in shipping. One-half to 1 cent per word on publication.

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JAMES C. KIPER, Director
35 E. Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill.

A nationwide non-profit service supported by Sigma Delta Chi, Professional Journalistic Fraternity.

SERVING UNCLE SAM

WILLIAM DEAN BOWDEN (Northwestern '42), of Ishpeming, Mich., was one of 753 ensigns commissioned Oct. 21 at the U. S. Naval Reserve Midshipmen's School, New York City, N. Y., as Deck Officers in the Naval Reserve on the completion of their three-month V-7 training course.

WILLARD M. J. BAIRD (Michigan State '40) has been commissioned a Second Lieutenant in the U. S. Army Signal Corps and is on active duty in the Washington, D. C., area. Following graduation from Michigan State, Lieut. Baird was staff correspondent for the Port Huron (Mich.) *Times-Herald* and later served the *Associated Press* in Detroit, at Fort Custer and on the Arkansas-Louisiana Army maneuvers of 1941.

On the staff of the *Beacon*, excellent camp paper published weekly at the Public Relations Department, Army Air Base, Baer Field, Fort Wayne, Ind., are PFC NICHOLAS N. PLASTERER (Northwestern '39), assistant editor, and CORP. DONALD D. WISEMAN (Ohio State '39), staff writer.

University of Minnesota journalism graduates doing public relations work in Washington, D. C., include: GEORGE PRITCHARD, '41, senior analyst in the Bureau of Intelligence, Office of War Information; FENDALL LYON, '38, former correspondent in Mexico City for a string of newspapers, now first assistant to Stephen Fitzgerald, chief information officer of Donald Nelson's WPB; and ROBERT A. MARSHALL, '38, with the information unit, Department of Agriculture.

SDX men in the army stationed at Camp Atterbury, Indiana, include SEGT. RAY LEARNER (Indiana '24), Technician fourth grade; SEGT. ROBERT HAIR (DePauw '42), Technician fifth grade; PVT. TEVIE JACOBS ('29) and PVT. ALEXANDER E. MALEK (Indiana '42). Sgt. Learner is editor of the *Atterbury Crier*, camp newspaper, which began publication on September (last Friday in the month). Jacobs and Malek are connected with the post public relations office and Sgt. Hair is with the Signal Corps. Learner was managing editor of the *Nashville Tennessean* before entering the Army; Hair was with *United Press* in Indianapolis, and Jacobs was with the *Indianapolis Star* and served as advertising manager of the Kahn Tailoring Co. in Indianapolis.

SERG. BEN MALKIN (Wisconsin '31) was married recently to Miss Sybille Wiedman in London, England. He may be addressed at H.Q., R.C.A., 1st Canadian Division, Canadian Army Overseas.

SERG. EARL H. ANDERSON (Minnesota '32) is on the staff of *Yank*, the Army newspaper, with his office at 1090 National Press Bldg., Washington, D. C.

RALPH T. BACKLUND (Minnesota '40) has been assigned to Headquarters Co., 358th Infantry, Camp Barkeley, Texas, to handle communications for the regiment.

DON BRAMAN (Minneapolis '37), formerly on the picture desk of the *Minneapolis Star Journal*, has been stationed in Minneapolis as a public relations sergeant for the U. S. Marine Corps since November, 1941.

Serving in U. S. Navy



Lieut. Paul B. Nelson

Lieut. Nelson, member of the executive council of Sigma Delta Chi, has been commissioned as lieutenant, senior grade, in the USNR, and has reported for active duty in Chicago, Ill.

Lieut. Nelson is a graduate of the University of Minnesota, 1926, where he was active in the fraternity's affairs as a student, chairing the annual Gridiron Banquet in 1925. During his residence in Chicago, where he has been editor and publisher of *Scholastic Editor* magazine, Lieut. Nelson had served as president of the Headline Club, SDX professional unit, and as a promotional adviser to *The Quill*.

SECOND LIEUT. HERSCHEL CAPLAN (Minnesota '41), of the Army Quartermaster's Corps, is stationed at the Omaha Ordnance Motor Base.

ACCORDING TO—

"Although *THE QUILL* is sent to my husband, I must admit that I look forward to its arrival each month."—MRS. WILLARD E. SIMMS, Denver, Colo.

★

"I think you have a very sound policy for *THE QUILL*. In fact, I suspect that is why I like *THE QUILL* better than any other one of the many fraternal publications I receive."—Paul O. Ridings, Director, News Bureau, Illinois Institute of Technology, Chicago, Ill.

★

"I've been reading *THE QUILL* each month with great interest. The timely articles telling the story of newspapermen at war are of particular interest to those of us who are now or soon will be in the services."—Wilfred Lingren, the *Northwestern Miller*, Minneapolis, Minn.

WHO-WHAT-WHERE

JOHN B. MILLER (Wisconsin '29), formerly desk editor of *Advertising Age*, has been named managing editor of that publication with offices in Chicago, Ill.

JOE RICHMAN (George Washington '41) has joined the staff of the Washington (D. C.) *Star* after previous work on the Griffin (Ga.) *News*, and, prior to that, on the *Savannah Morning News-Evening Press*.

JACK SMALLEY (Minnesota '24) is manager of the Los Angeles office of Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn, Inc., advertising agency, and chairman of the Pacific Division of the American Association of Advertising Agencies.

GORDON ROTH (Minnesota '29), formerly of the Minneapolis (Minn.) *Morning Tribune* copy desk, has become public relations man for the Farmers Union Grain Terminal, St. Paul, Minn.

JOHN W. FORNEY (Minnesota '32) is editing the *Twin Cities Ordnance News*, published at the Twin Cities Ordnance Plant, Minneapolis.

PROF. MITCHELL V. CHARNLEY (Washington '21) of the University of Minnesota School of Journalism staff, and Mrs. Charnley are the parents of a daughter, Deborah, born July 23.

Weeklies

[Concluded from page 8]

THIS has just been a shot at the news angle of the war job in the small-town field. Every time editors sit down to grind out an editorial, they grind now with sharp purpose. We are all in it, big town and small town, and minds must be conditioned to bear the hardships we will have to endure before the Axis tosses in its full set of rough towels.

But the time is now—for small-town papers all over the United States. War news for your readers, war news brought down to your own community with the invincibility of intimacy is your big task now. And done well, it will mean a better newspaper now, and tomorrow

Going Into Training?

Wherever you go, whatever you do, *THE QUILL* will follow you—IF you keep the circulation department informed.

If you are going into military training for Uncle Sam, changing jobs, moving to the next state or street, make sure you promptly notify—

The QUILL

35 East Wacker Drive Chicago, Ill.

• THE BOOK BEAT •

Historic Highlights

THIS IS THE ENEMY, by Frederick Oeschner with the United Press Staff. 364 pp. Little, Brown & Co., Boston, Mass. \$3.

FREE MEN ARE FIGHTING, by Oliver Gramling and Associated Press Correspondents Around the World. 488 pp. Farrar & Rinehart, New York and Toronto. \$3.50.

Here, appearing almost simultaneously on the book marts, are two of the most remarkable volumes on the present conflict that have appeared amid a welter of brilliant individual accounts of various phases of World War II. Moreover, it is this department's view they will endure long after many other volumes have been more or less forgotten.

Each is a searching, penetrating survey written by men whose trained eyes and ears saw and heard so much as the tentacles of a conflict that was to engulf the globe began to unfold; whose minds stored away many details which could not be given to the world at the time they first were discovered, due to censorship.

"This Is the Enemy," the story of Nazi Germany, is the work of five members of the *United Press* staff who were interned at Bad Nauheim, Germany, following the declarations of war between the United States and Germany. The book was planned and organized during their confinement, the actual writing done after their return to America through diplomatic exchange.

The five (each of whom could have written an entire book alone on his respective experiences and observations) were Frederick Oeschner, Central European Manager for *United Press*, 1933-1942; Joseph W. Grigg, manager of the Berlin bureau; Jack M. Fleischer and Clinton B. (Pat) Conger, who had prefaced their work with the Berlin bureau by service in Scandinavia; and Glen Stadler, who was transferred to Berlin after the Nazi occupation of Paris, where he had served since 1940.

OESCHNER did the political sections, the material on Hitler, other members of the Nazi gang and their feuds; the summing up and the editing of the book. Grigg, who had made a study of blitzkrieg technique, tells how the Nazi military machine was organized and how it functioned; Fleischer took over the economics section; Conger treated of propaganda and Stadler of Nazi conduct in occupied countries.

The book is divided into four sections: "War, the Men Who Made It"; "The Technique of War"; "The War in Germany" and "The War Abroad."

Sharply etched pen portraits picture Hitler and his associates, living and dead, whose cold-blooded schemes to conquer

Book Bulletins

ANYBODY'S GOLD, *The Story of California's Mining Towns*, by Joseph Henry Jackson. Illustrated by E. H. Suydam. 468 pp. D. Appleton-Century Co., New York and London. \$5.

Those action-filled gold-hunting days in California and the picturesque figures who swaggered across their span are brilliantly recorded in this volume by Joseph Henry Jackson, who, as literary editor, has been with the *San Francisco Chronicle* since 1930. The volume is beautifully illustrated by E. H. Suydam. Together they have assembled an unforgettable panorama of one of the most picturesque periods in America's colorful past.

★
FORWARD TO THE LAND, by Elmer T. Peterson. 283 pp. The University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, Okla. \$2.75.

In this timely and significant book, Elmer T. Peterson, former editor of *Better Homes and Gardens*, frequent contributor to magazines and now associate editor and editorial writer for the *Daily Oklahoman* and *Oklahoma City Times*, surveys America's land resources, the people of the soil, their problems, their attitudes and the part they and agriculture are to play in the days ahead.

★
LOST CHORDS, *The Diverting Story of American Popular Songs*, by Douglas Gilbert. 377 pp. Doubleday, Doran & Co., New York. \$3.50.

In this lively and diverting volume, Douglas Gilbert, a newspaperman for 25 years, a veteran of the Broadway beat, one-time drama critic and present top-flight feature writer for the *New York World-Telegram*, traces the tuneful history of nearly a century of popular songs in America—also brings illuminating sketches and anecdotes of balladists, singers and characters from the procession of the passing years.

★
WE'RE IN THIS WITH RUSSIA, *How to Do Business with Stalin and Why*, by Wallace Carroll. 264 pp. Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston. \$2.00.

Here is a penetrating, timely and thought-provoking discussion of our relations with Russia, written by a veteran European correspondent for the *United Press*. Wallace Carroll has been covering the diplomatic front for troubled, hectic years. He is concerned not only with the present, but also with the future—a future in which the destinies of Russia and the United States are certain to be intertwined. This is a realistic discussion of the problems of today and tomorrow.

★
BILLY MITCHELL, *Founder of Our Air Force and Prophet Without Honor*, by Emile Gauvreau and Lester Cohen. 306 pp. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$2.50.

America has been doing a lot of belated hat-doffing to the late Billy Mitchell in recent months—and it will do more in the future. For, had the military brass hats and the country as a whole listened to Billy Mitchell when it had the chance, a lot of what has happened since might not have occurred.

Emile Gauvreau knew Mitchell during the stormiest years of the latter's life. He worked with him and at his direction in Mitchell's fight against the air trust. And to Gauvreau, Mitchell entrusted material which hitherto has been unpublished. Lester Cohen, author of the novel "Sweepings," joined Gauvreau in research for and the preparation of this volume that is more than a biography—also a timely, challenging review of America in the Air.

and rule the world appeared so fantastic to those outside Germany—so fantastic that a goodly portion of the world was inclined to scoff at a "paper hanger's

nightmare." It was a nightmare, however, that galloped around the world!

Equally as sharply is pictured the process by which the individual German lost whatever individuality he may have possessed and was so coordinated, so brutalized, so Nazified, that "it is folly . . . to think that the German people are going to rise up and revolt against Hitler, or that the country will automatically collapse, within any predictable time. And certainly hunger will cause neither of these things very soon, however bad conditions already are, for every nation in Europe will be made to starve before Germany is allowed to."

It is a formidable foe Oeschner and his associates portray—a foe that will not be beaten until and unless an America that up to now has refused really to get mad—really to hate—backs up its war effort with the "absolute and unyielding resolve of the entire nation to take the war to the enemy before he brings it to us."

"Let there be no mistake," Oeschner and his fellow correspondents conclude, "the Nazis will not be easy to beat. They are still terribly strong . . . the only thing that may be stated with reasonable certainty is that the final defeat of Nazi Germany will come as the result of internal collapse, but only when accompanied by overwhelming pressure from without: military, economic, psychological. And the main pressure must be military . . . this time there must be no uncertainty about defeat . . . the meaning of which is clear in terms that hurt. Every Willi Schultz in the land has to know this time that Germany has lost the war."

OLIVER GRAMLING, author of "AP—The Story of News," has done an outstanding job in "Free Men Are Fighting."

From the eyewitness accounts of more than three-score correspondents of the *Associated Press*, *Wide World* and allied agencies, together with connective material based on their accounts, he has prepared a fast-moving, chronological, running history of World War II from Aug. 28, 1939, to July 4, 1942.

Now don't let that "chronological" tag bother you! This is no diary; no dry-as-dust journal of names, dates and places; no almanac of facts as such.

This is the way history should be written—a well spotlighted, well organized ever-shifting panorama of a world in travail. It is History in Highlights plus skillfully woven connective material which fills in the gaps between news peaks in such a way that the whole pathway of the war may be taken in high.

It is as though you were sitting in a darkened room or theater, with a carefully edited series of news reels carrying you along the various fronts—save that Gramling presents his pictures with words—the words of correspondents who were on the scene.

In addition to the selections from the stories of the correspondents, and the connective material, Editor Gramling makes his major theme stand out all the more by contrasting it with brief flashes of other far less significant yet revealing

news items that flowed along the news lines to complete the daily grist of news.

GRAMLING describes the book as "one by men who have been on the scene. . . . The idea is that, fitted together, their stories may help to highlight the world's most tragic conflict. . . . There will be something for the record of human sacrifice and suffering—as well as for the record of the men who have reported it—if what follows helps in any way to portray what *has* happened and what *is* happening to people all over a world in which we all want to live. The date selected as a starting point for this narrative is Aug. 28, 1939. I do not know where it will end . . . or what will have happened before it ends."

This department wants to salute an excellent job of editing; one of the most interesting presentations of history in the making we've ever seen, and it is our hope there will be other volumes to follow in the same manner until the conflict shall cease, so those who seek a readable, understandable and illuminating account of World War II in the future will find it in "Free Men Are Fighting" and its companion volumes.

INS Awards Newsmen New Medals of Honor

Four newspapermen, one of whom—Jack Singer of *INS*—was officially reported "killed in action," were honored Sept. 28 with the *International News Service* new Medals of Honor to war correspondents for heroic devotion to duty.

The other three were Larry Meier, *INS* London correspondent who was the only reporter to accompany the United States Rangers on the attack on Dieppe, France; Ross Munro of the *Canadian Press*, and Drew Middleton, recently with the *Associated Press* and now representing the *New York Times* in London. Meier, Munro and Middleton were in the thick of things in the Dieppe raid.

Joseph V. Connolly, president of *INS*, awarded the medals at a special Vox Pop broadcast over the nationwide network of Columbia Broadcasting Company. The broadcast originated at Columbia University.

In presenting the medals, Connolly paid tribute to Singer and the other valorous reporters. He said:

"Today, newspapermen are literally fighting side by side with our Army and Navy in the front lines. The *International News Service* medal is presented to those correspondents who go beyond the call of duty on the battle fields to bring you the news first and right. We like to think of this medal as the newspapermen's Distinguished Service Cross."

Connolly told of the journalistic achievements of Meier, Munro and Middleton and informed the vast radio audience that Meier, who was wounded in the face and chest, was recovering in an English hospital. Then he spoke of the "fourth correspondent"—Singer, "who did more than risk his life."

Scribe's Fast Footwork

[Concluded from page 7]

bomb, because few are more desolate and uninhabited than the Mount Emily region. At the same time, once a forest fire has broken out of control, it progresses like a gigantic game of leap frog, jumping miles at a time to set other fires ahead.

It can destroy whole communities such as a blaze did in 1936 at Bandon, a city of 1,503 population a few miles north of the scene of the bombing. At least 13 persons died on Bandon's melting asphalt streets, unable to reach the safety of the Pacific Ocean in time.

That same Bandon fire cut major highways and telephone lines, threatened all kinds of communication and transportation, and locked as much as 3,000 square miles of Oregon forest within a wall of flame.

It was just such a fire as this still further north on the Oregon coast in Tillamook country which burned more war-vital timber than the 131,000,000 people of the United States used in lumber in a single year.

The only reason we could say that the fog had come to the aid of the forest service was that the Western Defense Command had waited so long to release the story. It is not permissible in this theater of war operations to publish information about the weather until 24 hours after the condition has passed. The military delay had permitted that addition to our story.

It did not however, permit us to reveal what we now can do, that a few days after the bombing, the forest fire danger board at forest headquarters showed conditions were at their worst for the entire year of 1942.

In other words, if the Japanese had been one week later, the story would have been momentarily different!

WE also repeated in our story something we had pointed out in January. An ordinary single incendiary bomb such as the Japanese dropped Sept. 9 can be combated by small suppression crews scattered through even the most remote areas. But widespread bombing would be a terrifyingly different matter.

The photographs of bomb fragments revealed to any acute mind the nature of the bomb which did fall.

Therefore we were astounded when State Civilian Defense headquarters issued an entirely inaccurate description of the projectile. We suggested the description be withdrawn. The Western Defense Command seconded our request but made it mandatory, by declaring such a description would "give information to the enemy."

Soon we really tangled with the Civilian Defense brass hats—and I might explain that our entire news staff are trusted and active members of the local Civilian Defense unit.

NEWSPAPERMEN will sympathize with our reaction when state headquarters next day issued instructions to their county defense units to permit no one to photograph future bomb fragments "at any cost."

Souvenir hunters, said the brass hats, had photographed fragments of the Japanese bomb, "contrary to military regulations." Because our pictures were the ones published on front pages over the entire nation, we felt that crack was directed specifically at us and were not soothed with a private explanation that "some of the soldiers sent to guard the fragments took pictures and the Army had to confiscate them."

We replied publicly within an hour of the criticism, for our own defense and for the protection of other newspapermen, pointing out that our photographer was accredited by the Western Defense Command; that he carried a war correspondent's card good in time of enemy action, and that at the time he took the pictures, he placed upon his arm the green and white brassard required by the military authorities.

Furthermore, we pointed out that these pictures which we had taken had been approved for release by the Western Defense Command.

AT least some of our military authorities say that this tiny incendiary bomb will not be the only one to fall upon the United States. The Forest Service tells me that it was lucky because of the fog. The fire season will close in a few weeks from the time I write this, but it will return again in mid-May for another six months.

When and if the Japanese choose to use a type of bomb which will set many fires in many places in our forests, they will be lighting the fuses which may destroy cities, transportation lines and communications. There is no sure defense against such a threat.

The danger has not ended and will not end until the war is over.

Our forests are possibly the most vulnerable areas on the entire western coast. We may expect further news stories of bombing raids, which some people think are foolishly aimed at "unimportant and inaccessible places."

But to us westerners living right in the powder magazine of the inflammable forests which blanket the Pacific slopes, such a story is of the greatest importance.

ARTHUR LEE MARLER, for five years a staff member of the Jaqua Co., Grand Rapids, Mich., advertising agency and producer of catalogs, house magazines and direct-mail sales literature, has become editor of the *Furniture Index*, Jamestown, N. Y., oldest trade paper in the furniture and home-furnishings field.

THE **N**EWSPAPER'S CASE

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DO the newspapers have a case against the government on the news front? Definitely, yes.

As an editor I wouldn't hire the government as a reporter because it does a bad job of reporting the biggest story in history to the people through the pages of the American press. And, I wouldn't hire the government as a news service because its stories are too often unreliable and incomplete.

America finds herself embattled today on many major fronts; fronts that cover the seven seas and the six continents. Not the least important of these battlelines is the information front—both military and civilian. Just as we have experienced many defeats, in the arenas of armed warfare, so have we suffered many losses in the sector of news and information.

From Pearl Harbor to the Java Sea, from the Java Sea to Murmansk and from Murmansk to the Aleutians we have failed to utilize the great tonic that the stark realism of bad news can give a determined and united people.

On the civilian front our diffuse, nebulous and conflicting reports of gas rationing, rubber shortages, sugar stocks, oil supplies have left the public groggy and uncertain.

I think we can agree that Americans are willing to go without sugar, gas, rubber or oil if it will win this war. I am sure that Americans would go barefoot in the streets if that would bring victory. But to clothe themselves with such a psychology Americans must be sure that privation is necessary, that it stems from fact and not from the theoretical conclusions of some so-called expert.

In war time the most important asset that any government can have is public confidence. Such public confidence is more than important to a democracy in dire peril such as ours—it is Vital.

Today our government does not have the confidence of the people to the extent essential to all-out victory. It does not have it because the people do not feel that government has been realistic about the facts of this—the people's war for survival.

The government has repeatedly failed properly to report unfavorable war news. Often the first word of disaster has come from enemy broadcasts, which in turn has helped to authenticate potentially dangerous propaganda—and more important it has reflected directly on the reliability of our own government's reports.

Too often such government failures have been attributed to the necessity for military secrecy—too often military secrecy has not justified misleading reports.

No one—be it from the press or the public—wants to give "aid and comfort" to the enemy. No one wants to violate necessary "naval and military security." But, by the same token, public and press alike wonder whether the naval and military establishments are awake to the fact that there is something greater than naval security or military security and that is American Security. American Security—faith in ourselves—faith in our leadership—faith in our government.

No one wants to help the enemy, but none can endorse a policy of silence if it be utilized to give aid and comfort to men responsible for our military or civil failures.

The strangest handling of any major incident of the

present war has been that involving the Aleutian Islands. Shortly after the attack on Dutch Harbor, the Japanese announced occupation of some of the Aleutians. The claim was promptly denied by our own naval headquarters. Two days later we officially admitted landings at Attu and Kiska, but said they had been small. The New York Times said in its war summary:

"Naval authorities saw no strategic importance in the Japanese incursion." High government spokesmen dismissed the Dutch Harbor incident as retaliation for Tokyo bombings.

The New York Times, speaking editorially, said:

"The Aleutian Islands adventure has been one of the most singular episodes of the war; first, because of the manner in which our own naval authorities belittled the attack; second, because of the remarkable delay in publishing news of the whole affair—an adequate report of events occurring in the second week of June was not made public by the navy department until the third week of July."

In connection with the Aleutian occupation, while Washington remained grimly silent, Delegate Dimond of Alaska and John W. Fletcher, Mayor of Onalaska, stated that some 25,000 Japs were in the Aleutians; recently the navy admitted 10,000, but did so as though it was a matter of no importance.

Certainly the strange method of reporting the occupation of the Aleutian Islands ill-conditioned the minds of the American public for the serious potentialities that such an occupation might hold, and with equal certainty we can believe that such a procedure helped to build up a believing audience for Japanese short-wave broadcasts to America and to the world. Actually, the long, dry spell of Aleutian facts from the initial phases until the Wheeler stories broke made our public dependent on Tokyo for news from the Aleutians.

Elmer Davis recently said in effect: "America must deal with the truth." Quoting Mr. Davis again: "This is a people's war and to win it the people should know as much about it as they can. The view of this office is that everything should be printed if it does not endanger the national security."

There is no basis, in fact, for the idea that America cannot take bad news; nor should there be any attempt to sweeten the dose by holding it until there can be good news to coat it. In this international debacle America has a responsibility to truth which neither government nor press should lightly put aside.

In closing I would like to quote the Hon. William O. Douglas, Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court, who recently said:

"We are fighting a people's war, and therefore we need a free, a vigilant and a well-informed press to help lead us. Now that the nation is mobilized, let us hope that the entire press will report the sober and grim facts of what we must fight and how we must fight. And until our martyrs are avenged, our allies supported, and our army returned to peaceful employment, there is no room for hints that the fight is about over. Every man, woman and child in America will know when the fighting is at last behind us."

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★ ★

Because The Oregonian of Portland, Ore.,

believes that the functions of a newspaper in a Democracy are: *one*, to print the news; *two*, comment adequately thereon without fear or favor; *three*, never allow these two to mingle . . . we reprint this message given over Town Hall of the Air, Seattle, Washington, August 6, 1942, by Palmer Hoyt, Publisher of *The Oregonian*.

AT DEADLINE

[Concluded from page 2]

Speaking of pictures recalls that Alan C. McIntosh's excellent article, "Pictures Will Pay Their Way," which appeared in the August issue of *THE QUILL*, drew cheers from R. R. Maplesden, editor and manager of the *Scholastic Editor*.

"I got some personal good as well as general information out of that one," he wrote, "the psychology of the subjects in starting a series of pictures."

THE October issue is also coming in for its share of approbation, such as this warm letter from Don Thompson, of the San Francisco studios of the National Broadcasting Co.:

"Just received the October issue of *THE QUILL* and want to go on record that your handling of material interesting and informative to writers is tops. *THE QUILL* is really on its toes in getting out timely stuff these days. Like your cover pix, too.

"The October cover and its caption, 'Back From the Horror of Hong Kong,' with Southard's face telling his story more plainly than words, is a humdinger. The whole story is right there—and it should make a few of us realize that the 'horror' is real."

OUR sincere thanks and appreciation for these requests to reprint material—also for the accompanying kind words. In accepting them, we do so only to pass the palms along to the fellows who really deserve them—the men who took time out from their many and assorted journalistic chores to write the articles for *THE QUILL*.

After all, it's not so tough getting out a magazine or any other publication when you have the material. But keeping that material flowing, balanced, varied, interesting and entertaining as well as informative, has, at times, its difficult moments!

JUST about the time we were penning the plea in last month's At Deadline department that *QUILL* readers keep a steady stream of letters going to friends in the armed forces—since letters mean so much—along came an excellent article from Bob Karolevitz, of South Dakota State College, telling how Prof. Loren E. Donelson, of that lively school, is doing his bit to maintain morale among former South Dakota State journalism students and graduates.

Bob went on to tell how Prof. Donelson—after his regular chores as college editor, publicity director, professor of journalism and head of the college printing department—takes time out in the evenings and over the week ends to pound out weekly "Campus Communiques" which are mimeographed and distributed to the four corners of the world where S.D.S.C. men are serving Uncle Sam.

We are glad to include the article in this issue, with a resounding pat on the back to Prof. Donelson for the swell job he's doing for S.D.S.C. grads, also to Bob

for taking time out to tell the rest of us something about it.

Seems like Prof. Donelson has hit upon something that other schools and departments of journalism might adopt, or which the Sigma Delta Chi chapters might take on as a wartime service to former fellow students and alumni.

SPEAKING of letters to Service Men also reminds us that we've intended to mention in this department for some time the campaign being carried on in the *Southside Virginia News*, of Petersburg, Va., by Walter P. McGuire, president and editor, for the writing of "right" letters to men in the armed forces.

The campaign got under way last July 23 with a lengthy and well-written editorial setting forth the importance of cheerful, newsy letters to men in uniform. It included a contest, which closed Aug. 30, offering prizes for the best letters.

Mr. McGuire also sent out a barrage of letters asking individuals to write articles or letters to the editor on the subject, and urging fellow newspaper editors and publishers to beat the drums for similar letter-writing efforts in their respective areas.

Numerous papers have followed suit, among them the *New York Times*, the *Waynesboro News-Virginian*, the *Washington Post*, *Richmond Times-Dispatch*, *Galax (Va.) Gazette*, and the *Publisher's Auxiliary*, to mention a few.

Nothing makes a greater hit with men in the service, we've been told again and again, than mail from their home town, their school or college, their friends and former associates. And, next to letters, comes the home-town paper!

YOU will recall, we're sure, the article "Slaves to Style," by Joseph Landau, head of the Louisville *Courier-Journal* copy-desk, which set up a lot of comment, discussion and follow-up articles following its appearance in the June issue of *THE QUILL*.

The reverberations from that article are still continuing—as we're still getting letters and follow-up pieces concerning it.

There also came this interesting letter from James S. Pope, Managing Editor of the *Courier-Journal*, which we feel ought to be passed along to you *QUILL* readers, with his permission, since you had ring-side seats at the initial round in which Jolting Joe Landau socked old man newspaper style right in the solar plexus.

You've also been in on the second round in which Don Freeman lashed back in defense of style. But, here's Mr. Pope's letter:

TO THE EDITOR:

The *Courier-Journal* office fairly reeks with freedom of opinion and expression. What few rules we make from time to time are enjoyed chiefly through violations. The recreation of getting things off the chest is highly encouraged. It was no surprise to me, therefore, when you printed a discourse on style which I had not previously seen, even though it was

written by the chief of our copy desk, Joe Landau.

It was no surprise to me, either, when Landau's piece started a brisk controversy. The only reason I am intruding a word into this healthy discussion is to make it clear that while I will defend to the death, or at least a little bit, Joe Landau's right to his cockeyed opinions on style, I would like it to be made clear to your readers that these opinions do not precisely represent the *Courier-Journal's* view or practice.

We do believe in an intelligent uniformity in the externals of news-writing. We do have a fairly comprehensive policy on capitalization. We do try to have identical words spelled alike, following Webster's guidance. And, on the other hand, we do scrupulously avoid laying down juvenile restrictions like those which forbid starting a story with a person's name, or with an article.

Really, I don't think Landau stated his plea for stylistic freedom quite clearly, for I'm pretty sure he would not seriously advocate the typographical chaos his article suggested.

Very truly yours,
JAMES S. POPE,
Managing Editor,
The Courier-Journal.

Sigma Delta Chi's Executive Council Cancels Convention

Wartime Conditions Prompt Action: Contests and Awards to Be Continued.

The Executive Council of Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalistic fraternity, having considered what it believes to be all pertinent phases of the question, has voted against the holding of a national convention in 1942.

The New Orleans Convention, held Nov. 12-16 last year, voted that a convention be held in 1942, but directed the Council to decide upon the place and time.

Within a few weeks after that convention closed, the country was plunged into war, with resulting transportation difficulties, the calling of many men into the service, and other conditions arising from the war effort.

The usual reports of national officers, who will serve until the next convention, will be submitted to the chapters by mail, along with other essential information pertaining to the operation and activities of the national organization.

All contests and activities of the national organization, with the exception of the Professional Achievement Contest (which would be practically impossible to judge because of the great number of chapter members in the armed services), will be continued.

The Student Newspaper Contest entries are being judged now and results will be announced soon. A call for the annual Photo Contest will be issued soon. The Distinguished Service Awards will be announced sometime before the end of the year.

THE QUILL for November, 1942

More About Censorship

ROUND after round of criticism has been fired recently at American censorship of war news—particularly at the U. S. Navy. At this writing, it appears real progress has been made in clearing up a situation that was fast becoming critical.

It is to be hoped that Navy higher-ups, Elmer Davis and the OWI and the newspapers themselves will keep together to give the public all the news it is possible to reveal without aiding the enemy. Also, that this be done as quickly as it is possible to do so.

Bluntly speaking, the public was fast losing faith in the Navy and the newspapers prior to the recent naval victory. Again and again we heard it said: "They aren't telling us everything—and you can't believe what they do say or print. Six months later maybe we'll know what's *really* happening."

That kind of an attitude isn't a healthy one for the Navy, the country, the newspapers or the war effort. Public morale is important in this all-out war and must be maintained at a high level. It won't be bolstered if the general idea prevails that news is being withheld long after its publication could possibly aid the enemy.

Let's work together to keep civilian morale, as well as military morale, at the highest possible level.

That AP Suit

WHEN the government filed its monopoly suit against the *Associated Press*, this department withheld its fire until it could try to figure out what the shooting and shouting was all about.

After wading through a lot of pros and cons concerning the action we gather that Marshall Field wanted the *Associated Press* services for his *Chicago Sun*, a publication friendly to the Administration launched in Chicago in opposition to the *Chicago Tribune*. The *Tribune*, as is no secret, likes no part of the present administration and doesn't pull its punches in saying so.

Well, the AP services were denied to the *Sun*; Field beefed to the Department of Justice and the Government then filed the action which aims to make a "public utility" of the AP services by compelling it to supply its news and photo services to any paper willing to pay the cost.

THE Government was very complimentary in what it had to say about the AP; its integrity; its record, etc., but declared it wasn't cricket for its membership to deny its advantages and facilities to other newspapers; that to do so created a "monopoly."

The AP denies the monopoly allegation; says the news field is highly competitive; that the AP is a mutual cooperative association organized on a non-profit basis; that it is not and does not want to become a commercial news agency.

The legal lights are getting in their licks at this writing, filing motions and such. The whole thing may come to trial one of these days soon—or it may be shelved for the duration.

The foregoing is a rather sketchy outline of what has happened—but it seems to sort of simplify the situation.

NO one asked this department for its opinion—but that's what this page is for, so here goes: First, if this isn't government interference with the press through the guise of ringing in the Anti-Trust laws it has all the looks of it.

Second, it sort of looks like an effort to chastise the press as

AS WE VIEW IT

a whole, or a goodly portion of it, in behalf of one paper looked on with favor by Washington; in other words using governmental machinery to aid an individual business.

As to the monopoly charge—if the AP has all the news sources of the country "sewed up" we hadn't heard of it and we know very well that a lot of our good friends on both the *United Press* and *International News Service* would hotly contest that view. They could offer a lot of brilliant scoops as exhibits to prove their contention.

The news and photo fields have been, and still are, despite pooling aspects of wartime conditions, highly competitive. This competition is and has been, we feel, necessary and vital for the well-being of the press and the country as a whole. It has kept news channels open; has kept newspapers, press services and newspapermen alike on their toes in an endless, 24-hour-a-day struggle to present the news first and accurately.

It would be a whole lot easier to stifle a story; to deny publication to facts, were there but one, non-competitive news agency.

Then we really *would* have a monopoly on newsgathering and distribution—and we don't like that idea at all!

NO, we can't see anything to this monopoly charge. It appears a lot more likely that a monopoly *might* result were the AP thrown open to all comers. If the AP services were so complete, so thorough and so satisfactory that newspapers figured they no longer needed any other service, then what would happen to the *UP* and *INS*?

And if anything happened to cause them to fold, leaving the AP in sole possession of the field, what would you call that if not a monopoly?

This country has been fortunate, we repeat, in that it has been served by three newsgathering agencies constantly in competition with each other. That very competition made it possible for the newspaper readers to be sure there would be little, if any, news from any point of the globe that wouldn't somehow see the light of publication.

IF the AP *should* be directed by the courts to furnish its various services to all comers, what effect would that have on the various syndicates?

Would action then be brought against them, charging they, too, were "monopolistic" and that they should sell their comic strips, columns, articles by special writers, their fiction and such to all comers?

Maybe Mr. Field could then force Col. McCormick to furnish him Milt Caniff's "Terry and the Pirates"; Harold Gray's "Little Orphan Annie" and other well-known strips for the *Sun*!

In other words, could *anything* thereafter be *exclusive* with any paper or group of papers and be denied to others?

NOW, as to the filing of the suit itself. This action comes at a time when the utmost efforts of the government and the press should be directed against the enemy forces—the Nazis and the Japs—instead of bickering at home.

The suit comes at a time when everything possible should be done to maintain public confidence in the administration and the press instead of sowing seeds of suspicion and discord.

It was, in our humble opinion, a mighty poor time to start any such action, if, in fact, it should ever have been started at all!



You wouldn't believe, perhaps, that printed words on paper could be so important . . . but remember that 1943 for all of us in the newspaper profession may be the most crucial year we've ever faced. Of all things let us not ignore any tool that will help us do our jobs better and more usefully. ●

Such has been the function of this publication for 58 years . . . a vehicle of communication among people concerned with the common problems and opportunities of newspaper publishing. ● Do you have a *personal* subscription?

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